

## IN AMUSEMENT LINES

NEW YORK, Aug. 3, 1893.—[Special Correspondence.]—Of newness in production there is absolutely nothing; the metropolis has never been duller than it is now and in my long experience I have never seen dear old Broadway as empty. Even the beer saloons near the Rialto are deserted, and as it only takes 5 cents to strut in them and talk about the great successes of past seasons, it may be imagined in what financial embarrassment is the big army of players.

Preparation for next season is being pushed forward, but in a languid manner, and from all sides come the doleful whispers of disasters that will overwhelm the next season. The reason given why so many companies begin early is that the managers are broke and must go out quick or not at all. If this be true, many will return before the snow flies.

The streets about this time are, however, always filled with croakers, and none of them give an intelligent answer as to the cause of the expected distress.

All the New York tradespeople are grumbling about a scarcity of money, and the actor-man follows suit, and yet it does not at all follow that because the first suffers in trade the latter should play to empty benches. Other financial depressions have shown that the theatres do well enough even in the hardest of hard times, and that the people will amuse themselves even if pressed in business.

Another subject which has agitated the mid-summer silence of things theatrical, and sent an ominous ripple over the otherwise deadly dull surface is the leasing of the Manhattan opera house to Koster and Bial, who will turn it into a music hall a la Empire in London. There are many of the opinion that this move will hurt the regular theatres as much as the music halls injured the theatres in London, but others hold that New York is big enough and old enough for that sort of thing to succeed. Americans, though democratic, are yet patricians in this, that they will scarcely bring their wives and daughters to a place of amusement where it is uncertain if the occupant of the next seats are street walkers.

The London Empire is spoken of as a huge house of assignation, where the soiled doves of the smoky city and those horrible dudes, that sometimes drift to this side of the Atlantic, meet, stare at each other in the usual inane British manner and then drift off, more or less "loaded" to their nests. New York is certainly not old enough to stand this, but it is getting along very rapidly, and perhaps, may be educated by and by.

Koster and Bial will undoubtedly give a very attractive show and if the place can be made into something free an easy that will attract the great army of men and women about town, the place will be a great success.

The Empire in London declares enormous dividends as high as 50 per cent. it is said, but then it must be remembered that the variety element is strictly kept out of the regular theatre in the British metropolis, while on this side we have the farce comedy, which is nothing more than variety shows, everywhere.

DUNLAP.

A notable feature of the new pieces introduced by Mr. George Thatcher during the last few years has been the gradual change from the new style of minstrelsy to a fresh and more popular plan of entertainment. His last and most successful effort in this line, "Tuxedo" retained very few of the features of the regular minstrel performance; indeed, the black face turns were only introduced as incidental to the whole. Encouraged no doubt by the excellent reception at once accorded "Tuxedo" and its continued success wherever produced Mr. Thatcher has this year planned before the public a new extravaganza entitled "Africa." This play received its first production in Lincoln at the Lansing on Monday evening and apparently received the approbation of the large audience. Mr. Thatcher's dry humor received its full need of applause and both Mr. Harlan and Mr. Coleman were recalled several times. Mr. Harlan as "a professional necessity" did a very good piece of work and his topical songs were charmingly refreshing in their novelty. Mr. Coleman was as usual stolidly comical and enacted the part of the venturesome dude, to perfection. His dancing certainly is most original. The plot of the play, if plot it may be called, is only a frame work of the whole and serves to introduce some fine scenery, very good tumbling and several variety features of more or less merit. Mr. Thatcher has a number of his "Tuxedo" people in the new company including Raymon Moore, Jose and others. The singing of the celebrated quartette was good, as usual, and Jose received a recall on his rendition of "After the Ball."

"The Soudan," which will be seen at the Lansing August 24, does not differ in its essential structure from the familiar type of English melodrama upon which Messrs. Petit and Harris have played so many variations. There is the same gallant but too confiding hero; the

same prosecuted heroine and her child; the same polished villain and less polished accessory villains; the same comic lovers and all the other well known dramatic personae. But why should a dramatist be at the pains to invent new characters when the old ones serve so well; when he can use them as is done here, amid fresh and interesting scenes, and when he can have the characters as well as the scenes presented with the completeness and dignity that Mr. Tompkins has given to this as to so many other admirable productions? Each of these melodramas has a central scene or series of scenes that distinguishes it from the others and to which the personal drama is practically subordinate. In "The Soudan" these scenes are military—the bivouac of British troops in Africa, the capture of a town from the Arabs, the meeting of the hero and the villain and hero on the desert, and the return of the regiment to London. All of these scenes are highly picturesque and handled with uncommon skill. The capture of the town is one of the few really successful battle scenes that have been put on the stage, and the homecoming in Trafalgar square is a wonderful picture of London life and as stirring as anything of the kind we have had. But all of the scenic effects are thoroughly good, the many quick changes being made with excellent effect, and

Chicago opera house the other day, where "Ali Baba" is doing so well that "Sinbad" revival has been postponed again, and tried to sell a policy. He failed and then he fell down those dark stairs leading from Dave Henderson's office and broke his leg. He gets \$25 a week while he is laid up and now every one in "Ali Baba" has a policy. Moreover, George Bowles says that the chorus men are all practicing on those stairs thinking to better their incomes.

## THE BLARNEY STONE.

The Origin of the Famous Stone Dates Back Over 400 Years Ago.

Blarney is the name of a village four miles from Cork, Ireland. Close by is a castle of the same name, which was built by Cormick McCarthy in 1449. The castle stands on the north side of a precipitous ridge of rock rising from a deep valley below. Of the original fortress there remains only a large square tower with a parapet. On its summit is the famous stone, which is said to confer on the person who kisses it the power to gain by flattery anything which he wishes. The actual Blarney stone is said to be not the one which is usually kissed by visitors, but one which forms part of the wall several feet further down, and which can only be kissed by some one who is held over the

Don't You Know That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

## The World's Fair.

It is not necessary to be an athlete in order to see the world's fair to advantage.

All these things—an elevated electric railroad, a moving sidewalk, several hundred wheel chairs, a score of gondolas and half a hundred electric launches—have been provided for the purpose of enabling visitors to get around the grounds without unduly exerting themselves. And there are hundreds of pleasant places on the grounds where you can rest just as long as you please. The great fair is for all sorts of people; the needs of both the weak and the strong have been carefully considered.

Ask Bonnell at B. & M. depot, or A. C. Ziemer, corner O and Tenth streets, for information about the best and cheapest way of reaching Chicago. Excursion rates every day.

Miss S. E. Blakeslee, fine dressmaking, at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.



MINNA GALE,  
The popular young Shakespearean actress.

the whole presentation of the play is most careful and artistic.

Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison seem to monopolize the comic opera field. Next season they will have on the road the "The Isle of Capri," "Venus," composed by Gus Kerker, which E. E. Rice will take out, "Princess Nicotine," composed by W. W. Furst, which J. E. Henshaw will produce, and the "Land of Gold" which will be produced by T. Henry French at the New York American theatre immediately after the present success has had its run. Besides this Mr. Byrne has the opera he wrote for Patti, for which Signor Picci furnished the music. It is called "Gabrielle," and Patti is charmed with it.

Miss Catherine Clemmons, whose starring tour begins in Washington on September 19, at Albaugh's opera house, is making most extensive preparations for the production, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000. She will be seen in a romantic play of the Fifteenth century and it is entitled "A Lady of Venice." The title of the play alone suggests opportunities for picturesque settings and dressing. A company of actors of exceptional strength and well known to the theatre-going public will begin rehearsals within the next two weeks under the able direction of Mons. Marius.

An ancient insurance agent visited the

parapet by his heels. Of course the true Blarney stone is not at the world's fair. There is shown there only an imitation model of the castle, on which there is indicated the triangular shape of the true Blarney stone. The origin of the Blarney stone legend is said to be as follows: The head of the house of McCarthy held the castle of Blarney against the English in 1602, and after considerable fighting he concluded an armistice with the English general, Lord Carew, on condition of surrendering the fort to the English troops. Day after day, it is said, his lordship expected that the terms would be fulfilled, but nothing could be got out of McCarthy but soft speeches and promises, until he became the laughing stock of the whole army.

As an after dinner pill, to strengthen the stomach, assist digestion and correct any bilious tendencies, Ayer's Pills are considered the best. Being sugar-coated, they are as agreeable as any confection, and may be taken by the most delicate.

## The Union Pacific Cut Rates.

Denver, one way	\$ 10.75
Denver, round trip	20.00
Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne the same rate.	
Chicago, one way	9.15
Chicago, round trip	16.40
St. Louis, one way	10.05
St. Louis, round trip	18.40

Full information cheerfully given at 1044 O street, southwest cor. O and 11th. J. T. MARTIN, E. B. SLOSSON, City Ticket Agt. Gen. Agt.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the Eustachian tubes. When these tubes get inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give \$100 for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Big Drop in World's Fair Rates. Round trip tickets to Chicago will be on sale via the Burlington Route at GREATLY REDUCED RATES as follows:

July 31, good to return leaving Chicago August 4 and 11.
August 7, good to return leaving Chicago August 11 and 18.

Tickets not good in sleeping cars, otherwise first class in every particular. For further information, apply to Bonnell at B. & M. depot or Ziemer corner O and 10th streets.

A fine line of canned soups, 25 cents per can. Miller & Gifford, grocers.

## A NIGHT ON THE MOOR

[Special Correspondence.]

HAWORTH, England, July 27.—We left the city of York, bound for Haworth, a distance of over 50 miles, early on a bright July morning and reached Harrogate soon after noon. Stopping for dinner and an hour's rest, I quizzed the genial landlord about the remainder of our journey. "Is't Haworth ye want to get to?" "Tis a good thutty mile from 'ere, is Haworth, but ye'll soon make it on them wheels. Go on ye road straight away over the moora. 'Tis a bit lonesome, is't, all the way. There's 'ills, too, but for every cop there's a down, an 'tis your quickest way to Haworth."

So, rested and refreshed, we oiled our "silent steeds," waved a friendly adieu to the "master and misses" and the remainder of the household, who had gathered to see us off, and were on our way to cross the Yorkshire moors, of which we had read so much and knew so little. The road was fairly good, the sun shone brightly, and the air was soft and cool. This combination could not fail, as every cyclist will understand, to keep us in good spirits as we spun swiftly along. Gradually the way became more and more lonely. Hills and mountains stretched away as far as the eye could reach—not wooded like our own, but bare and desolate and rock crowned.

We pushed on and on, rounding every curve in the vain hope that something better would meet our eyes, but only more cliffs and hills, more mountains and valleys, confronted us.

Finally we come in sight of a deserted little hut. It was directly opposite us on the cliff across the valley. To reach it we must clamber down the hill on which the road ran, cross the wide intervening valley and climb the steep mountainside to this forlorn looking refuge in a lonely spot.

For a moment we are undecided as to which we prefer, a complete drenching or shelter from it in that desolate house. The dense black clouds which now covered the sky, the muttering thunder and the vivid lightning decided us, and as a few drops of rain splash in our faces we climb and slide down the hillside, through the valley and up to the little hut on the opposite side. It was a



THE HUT ON THE MOOR.

small two roomed affair, minus doors and windows, and everything about it testified to the fact that it had long since been left to time's destroying fingers. The sound of our shoes on the stone floor echoed noisily, and a startled bird, which like ourselves had sought shelter from the storm, fluttered across the room and out into the gathering gloom. Suddenly the storm broke and swept in all its fury down the mountainside. The wind howled and shrieked as only a strong wind could over those wild, bleak moors. The almost continual flashes of lightning which showed us the rain washed, windswept mountainsides, the reverberating thunder peals, fascinated us, though we gladly crept into the shelter of each other's arms as we crouched in one corner of the lonely place and speculated vaguely as to how the dear "old folks at home" would regard our situation.

The violence of the storm was soon spent, but the rain continued to fall, with no prospect of immediate cessation, and the sky remained dark and lowering. As the time dragged slowly on the idea that we were stranded for the night in that desolate spot, miles away from civilized habitations, was forced upon us. We discussed the situation in low tones. Even if the rain ceased at once, we had been so long detained that, with the muddy roads and steep ascents, it would be impossible to get over the remaining part of the woods before darkness fell. Here was at least a roof over our heads, and here we decided to stay after vainly anathematizing the treacherous English weather, the landlord, who had advised us to take this road over the moors, and our own carelessness in not studying up our route more thoroughly. The rain fell with aggravating steadiness, and night came on apace, and we "two lasses," frightened, cold and hungry, and thoroughly miserable withal, we sat out the dreary night. Short though these English nights are that one seemed ages long as the moments passed on leaden wings. With the exception of the wind, which whistled and shrieked all night long, no sound disturbed us, though our eyes and ears were strained in momentary expectation of an "awful something" swooping down upon us in the darkness. Shortly after 3 o'clock Old Sol's first rays stretched over the hills, revealing a scene of grandeur and beauty which we had never witnessed before, and which will remain indelibly engraved on our memory.

We waited for a brief period to allow the muddy roads to dry a little. Then with lightened hearts we pushed the wheels up to the highway again and were soon on our way. It was hard riding, but we reached the end ere long and came into the inhabited country once more. We astonished the good people of the Devonshire Arms at Bolton bridge by the beautiful breakfast we ate, and they hovered about us with many admiring exclamations over our ability in cycling and assured us that not a rider in all Yorkshire could get over the moors in such good time, the while we discreetly held our tongues.

CARRIE L. HODADON.

## Beginning Early.

Teacher—I'm glad to see you take so much interest in chemistry.  
Bright Boy—Yes'm. W'en I grow up, I want to have a big candy store and maple syrup factory.—Good News.



## A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norontur, Kans.

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Cures others, will cure you



DR. T. O'CONNOR,  
(Successor to Dr. Charles Bourne.)

CURES CANCERS, TUMORS,  
Wens and Pileas without the use of Knife,  
Chloroform or Ether.

(Office 1306 O Street—Owen block.)  
LINCOLN, NEB.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.



Best Dining Car Service in the World.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

TAKE THE

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

FROM THE WEST.

Remember, this Line has a Depot for all trains at Englewood (suburb of Chicago), close to the World's Fair Gate.

TAKE THE ROCK ISLAND.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. AND P. A. CHICAGO, ILL.

Burlington  
Route

BEST LINE

TO

ST. LOUIS

AND

CHICAGO

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES.

(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15, 1893.

Rates, \$30, \$25 and \$20 a month, according to location. Address:

GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, manager,

Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

THREE MINUTE TALKS

ABOUT

NEW MEXICO.

Is the title of an illustrated folder describing the

mines and towns of New Mexico. The profits of fruit raising are set forth in detail; also facts relative to sheep, cattle and general farming. No other country possesses such a desirable climate all the year around. Write to S. L. Palm, P. O. Santa Fe Route, Omaha, Neb., for free copy.